200 Breast

The sun gleamed off the water as I pulled my goggles over my eyes. They suctioned onto my face, protecting them from the chlorine. I was cold, my muscles tense and ready, but cold.

" Is that good? I don't know… what was that TV show last night saying? Being cold uses less oxygen or something? Shut up… focus on the race Luke*,"* I thought.

 "Swimmers step up… take your mark," the official bellowed into the crackly microphone. At every meet this officials voice raises pitch on the word "your." I notice this and call her an idiot in my head before I go down to grip the block. BEEP! (Onomatopoeia). The light flashes as I tear away from the block leaving it behind like the trail of a jet (simile). Under the water I pull like a frog. "Perfect underwater pull-out man, good work, keep your stroke tight*,"* I tell myself. I push my arms out as my head breaches the water, my legs kick with a force unrivaled by any predator, leaping at its prey (Imagery). (Intro)

At turn one, I repeat silently, "Two hands two hands two hands do it" as I hit the wall, with two hands. Just then I bring my legs up, my knees twitching to do so, my right arm arcs back over my head to begin its streamline. Yet again I kick off the wall with tremendous force, pushing me further ahead of the competitors. As I pull out of the water a think to myself… what does this mean? I have no clue. During races I have the tendency to just space out of everything. It's not even that my mind is blank; it's just not there at all. Like how a blind man doesn't see black because there isn't knowledge of what black is, it's just nothingness to the max (simile). "Wait, what? I'm turned around? Ok musta' done turn two. Well good so far," I think as I snap back to conciseness.

I pull again, feeling the water tugging at my body, I overcome the friction that the natural world has created, feel my muscles burn and tense up. Boom, boom, boom, my head hits the water again and again as I pull myself towards the quickly enlarging wall. "Two hands two hands two hands," I think to myself again. "Where are they?" I think as I kick off of the wall, "Are they right behind me? To my left? Right? What's the crowd doing? Am I kicking ass?" So many questions flow through my head in an instant. I hit the wall, bring up my legs, throw my head back and kick off yet again.

Snap, snap, snap, my legs pushing the water behind me snapping together like scissors pushing the water away like torrents of energy running through a lightning bolt. Everything is streamlined, smooth and effortless. I am a dolphin, flowing through the water. My head breaks the surface again. Halfway done with the race. By now I'm running on fumes. My head pounds out in sync with my heart thud, thud, thud. "GO!" I hear Tracy yelling, "GO!" I love the way she yells it. Not normally. But a very quick, very precise "GO!" it needs to be timed this way, if you yell when the swimmer is underwater, it's useless, just after he breaks the surface with his head, the water is still in his ears and again useless, too late and the swimmer is already concentrating on the next stroke. She always hits the perfect mark and yells "GO!"

Hit the wall, legs up, head back, kick. I again streamline off, precise and clean cut, nothing is slowing me down. Everybody on my team is yelling now, some on the mark, some off, but they don't care, the crowd is also going berserk. "Someone must be catching up," I think to myself. "Put your ass in gear kid," I say in my mind to the other swimmers, "cause shit is going down." And with this extra motivation, drawn from the crowd, my team, my coach, the other swimmers, I pull twice as hard kick twice as fast. Hit the wall, legs up, head back, kick.

"Easy stuff now," I imagine telling myself, watching me on TV. Like I'm in the Olympics, "Only a fifty left." Usually a fifty is easy, no big deal, but after swimming 150 yards at full speed, you start to wear down your body and stop thinking. I blacked out until I was at the end of the pool yet again… I turned around to look at the large board with numbers now flashing on it, it read, "Ln 4 – 1."

First place, so as is customary in the swimming world. I did my victory move. I lowered my face into the water and drew some into my mouth, I then looked into the sky and let air escape from my lungs passing just over the water to create a mist that spouted out and carried away. First place I thought. The swimmer in lane 3 looked over and said, "Good race," I replied simply with, "you too bro." I pulled myself out of the pool walked over to my clothes, dressed and went to my team's hangout to collapse… "Good win," I said aloud to myself.

My arms and legs burned as I pulled myself out of the water onto the cold wet floor of the pool. I pushed against the hard surface of the floor with the muscles in my legs refusing to work properly. I manage to walk across the pool, my arms hanging useless beside my body, into the locker room. I lay down on the bench in front of my locker and took a few deep breaths to calm myself down before I changed out of my suit and into the black and red warm ups. The top went on easy, pulled my hands through the sleeves and reached into my locker to draw out the pants. I slid them onto my right leg; my foot got caught up in the mesh lining. I swore and through them to the ground. I hate it when that happens.

I still had two events after that so I took a nap… I didn't really take a nap, passed out really. I figured the best way to prepare for the next events is to not prepare at all. As I had found out following that day, not preparing at all turned out to be a great idea; I won the rest of my

events that day. Turns out that being unprepared was an advantage that day. Usually I look at my

competitor's previous times to see if I even had a chance. It siked me out, and by removing this

step of becoming prepared, I was siked up. Gold medals are not easy to come by, unless you

don't try. I never swim for the medals, I swim for the glory. (Conclusion: REACTION)